

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## Agricultural.

## AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES AT PAW PAW.

The ninth annual meeting of the Association of Agricultural Societies was held at the opera house in Paw Paw, on the evening of Tuesday, February 7th. Delegates were met at the train by a committee from the Van Buren County Agricultural Society, assigned to homes among the citizens of the village during the continuance of the meeting. The response of the citizens to this appeal to their hospitality was so free that more than double the number present could have been entertained.

The meeting was called to order by the President, C. A. Harrison, and opened by music from the choir. The address of the President was not lengthy but very appropriate, and contained wise counsel for the guidance of those having charge of county fairs. Secretary Little presented a more elaborate report, the value of which the readers of the FARMER will be enabled to determine from a perusal, as it will appear in these columns.

The following list of delegates presented themselves, representing their several societies at this convention: H. H. Hinds, Montcalm Co., Mr. and Mrs. Silas Moody, Gratiot Co.; D. Woodman, H. Dale Adams, H. C. Sherwood, Western Michigan Agricultural Society; S. T. Deal, B. F. Beason, M. J. Gard, Cass Co.; L. B. Lawrence, B. G. Buell, A. B. Copley, Volinia Farmers' Club; Thos. Shepherd, Union Agricultural Society, of Plainwell; S. C. Thompson, W. B. Davis, Berrien County Agricultural Society; J. W. Smith, B. B. Baker, Central Michigan Agricultural Society; C. D. Lawton, C. Egle, A. C. Glidden, Michigan State Horticultural Society; G. C. Fraebner, W. G. Knight, Schoolcraft Agricultural Society; Asa Crofoot, G. D. Boyce, Wm. Markhill, Van Buren Agricultural Society; C. E. Morrison, Frank Little, Kalamazoo Agricultural Society; Hiram Bailey, Allegan County Agricultural Society; Wm. Ball, W. G. Beckwith, State Agricultural Society; Prof. Samuel Johnson, Agricultural College; R. J. Dickson, Dowagiac Fair Association; E. R. Williams, D. H. English, Ionia County Agricultural Society; Geo. Parsons, W. M. Baldwin, North Berrien and Michigan Lake Shore Agricultural Society.

A list of topics had been pre-arranged by the Secretary, which very fully covered the main difficulties in the management of fairs. The first topic, "Agricultural Societies, General Management of, Methods Compared," was announced by the President, who called up Den. B. Baker, of Lansing, to open the discussion. Mr. Baker thought it very desirable that some general plan should be accepted, governing the conduct of all fairs alike, so that persons attending any one or all of them, (if this were possible,) should be met with the same restrictions and be allowed the same privileges.

A farmer who cannot learn something from his experience in conducting a fair must have small ability indeed. He would cling to no old landmarks, and his knowledge of yesterday was of value only as a stepping stone to something higher. No fair is a success which does not draw the crowd to pay the expenses. In order to be a success, all the amusements that are considered honorable in the community where the fair is located should be introduced. In managing a fair he would furnish his patrons the kind of amusement they wanted to see most. The difficulties attending a body of men, mostly strangers to each other, prevented a gush of wisdom at first, and the President failed to get anything further on the topic. The choir, who seemed to appreciate that their auditors were not critics in operatic music, very sensibly gave them a song they could enjoy, and the applause they received was a very palpable evidence of that appreciation.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEB. 8TH.

Topic: "Membership and Exhibitors"

Tickets, Passes, Admissions, etc." Mr. English made inquiry as to the plan of the Central Michigan management in relation to entries. In reply, Mr. Baker said they allowed exhibitors to make their entries free of charge, gave no admission tickets, and could meet the usual demand for passes with the plea that it had cost the exhibitor nothing to show his goods, and the admission price was only a fair equivalent for the money he was expecting to draw in premiums. Passes were sometimes allowed to stock men, who received them from the superintendent in charge. All superintendents were required to report the number used and to whom issued, at each evening meeting of the board, so that it could be easily determined who were receiving passes, and what amount had been lost to the society in this way. These passes were the usual admission tickets, and they used no other. They had found that it required a less number of tickets than it had formerly done of passes. The old plan of giving four admission tickets for the dollar charged for becoming a member and for entering articles for exhibition was an annoyance, and the society got nothing for it, and he did not believe in compelling a man to become a member before receiving his articles to help make up the show.

Mr. Sherwood: The gift of tickets for the dollar is not an equivalent, only so far as the tickets go, and if the Secretary himself takes the dollar and issues the tickets, that obviates the difficulty of running back and forth to the treasurer's office before the entry is made. Thinks it is necessary to know who are members, especially when the time comes for the election of officers.

Mr. Shepherd, of Plainwell, gives their members five single admission tickets for the dollar. They pay people something for becoming members, or discount the price when taken at wholesale, as you may please to consider it. He considers the membership ticket a necessity to determine who are voters. He illustrated their success in following this plan by saying that they had purchased grounds, erected buildings, and were only \$300 behind in paying for the whole of it, in the six years of their organization. In the beginning they sold five year tickets for five dollars, that were practical passes for everything connected with the farm.

Mr. English, of Lansing, introduced the following resolution:

Resolved: "That this Association recommend the plan of issuing coupon tickets to exhibitors, to be used only by them, for which they shall be charged one dollar, the payment of which will make any person a voting member."

Mr. Smith, of Lansing, was opposed to forcing any one to become a member, thus a large part of our membership becomes mercenary. They vote always to increase the premium list so as to carry away more money; there is no revenue from such a membership.

Mr. Little, of Kalamazoo, said any resolution we pass here can only be advisory and optional to the societies. He thought there must be some membership, unless the societies were stock associations, and these were schemes simply to make money as business enterprises. They had no interest in a membership. He would like to have farmers to feel like paying a dollar to sustain the society even if they did not expect to get it back. This making entries free is an innovation, and may do for some places, but he thinks there is no incentive to that interest which he considers necessary for the continuance of a society. He does not like this mercenary idea alluded to.

Mr. Davis, of Niles, issues coupon tickets that admit exhibitors once each day, and that plan secures an attendance each day, and they cannot be given away to members of the family and be all used up at once.

H. Dale Adams: At the Western Michigan Fair passes are only issued by superintendents, as they very soon learn who are entitled to them and govern themselves accordingly. There must be some way provided to admit exhibitors; it will not to shut them out; passes are always taken up at the gate.

The resolution introduced by Mr. English did not pass, but the following, introduced by Mr. Williams, was adopted.

Resolved, That all exhibitors should be required to become members.

Judges, How Chosen: Awards and Appeals. Mr. Shepherd had found it difficult to secure competent or uninterested judges at home, and had practiced going abroad for judges of cattle; their other awarding committees are selected at the meeting of the directors and published in the premium list.

Mr. Little wished to hear expressions from members as to how and when committees were chosen, and the advisability of disclosing their names in the published list; to avoid any possibility of fraud, they were sometimes left out. Kalamazoo County had always published the names with the premium list.

Mr. Dickson, of Dowagiac: The committees are arranged by the full board and published with the list, and the Secretary furnishes a copy to each person named in the list.

Silas Moody, of Gratiot Co., appoints

members of committees and publishes as an incentive to interest in the fair.

E. R. Williams completes the list before July first, and publishes the names with it, but the superintendents have power to fill vacancies if members fail to respond.

Mr. Smith: The cheap style of flattery practiced in publishing the names of individuals was played out in their society. Seven-tenths of them thus selected failed to respond, especially if a free pass had previously been sent them. The only practical method was to put this whole matter in the hands of the superintendents of the several departments and make them individually responsible for their selection. The old plan may please for a season, but generally fails to secure prompt attention to the duties. He would leave it optional with the superintendents whether the committee shall consist of one or three members.

H. Dale Adams had rather have one than two, and two than three, and three than five.

Ben Baker: The old plans leave the superintendents unable to know whether he is to have a committee or not until the last moment. If he has the selecting himself, he gets the promise before hand, and knows on whom he can depend for help.

H. Dale Adams moved that it be the sense of this convention that judges be selected by the superintendents. Carried.

Topic "State Board of Agriculture, Institutions and Statistics."

On this topic Hon. Wm. Ball read a paper entitled "Benefit to be Attained by Farmers' Institutes." This paper was the theme of very favorable comment by the members, and led to a very interesting discussion following up the leading thought of the essay.

Mr. Smith said that institutes were leading very fast to a higher standing for farmers, and that the State Agricultural College had paid many times its worth in the system of drainage it had inaugurated. There were parts of the State where farmers must either dig out or be drowned out. Draining is a science and not merely digging a ditch. Disseminating correct knowledge was the province of the Agricultural College, and it has more than paid the whole expense to the State in this dissemination.

Mr. English thought institutes excellent educators for farmers, and every county should arrange for one. This agricultural society and their Pomona Grange had united to pay an equal share of the expense attending the organization of an institute. The one last year had proved a very gratifying success, and programmes for another were out for the last of this month.

B. B. Baker took exception to the report of the committee appointed by the State Agricultural Society on the Agricultural College, criticizing the system of labor now in practice. He thought labor in connection with a college education should be charged the same as for the books—a means to an end. When mental instruction is received at the expense of the physical, the student on leaving college is likely to try to get his living by his wit rather than by his labor. Thinks that the principle of labor in connection with an education will pay to the State in direct proportion to its value. The other scheme of lessening the price per hour is not a good one. The idea that any thing clung to labor should pay to the extent of the time employed and fully compensate for the money paid, is unsound in principle.

Prof. S. Johnson thought it a wise decision that labor should be included in the system. It is a calamity to the young man who leaves college with a dislike for manual labor, and the idea that he is to be a gentleman and nothing more. The labor is not for the money it will bring, no one expects it will pay; but how shall we make it of most value to young men. There is always some difficulty in furnishing three hours' labor every day for eighty young men, that shall be real work, for they go on the principle that students shall work and not play work. There has been a great mistake in trying to make farmers believe that the labor is remunerative. It is only a part of the system to aid the physical as well as the mental powers.

"Competition, Restricted or Otherwise."—Mr. Williams thought it advisable to restrict in stock entries and in manufactures.

Open entries often deprive local manufacturers of their just rights.

J. J. Woodman thought restriction to the county advisable, and if stock or articles came from a distance they should be classed as foreign and compete in a class by themselves.

Mr. Shepherd said that competition in his locality had acted as a stimulus to bring in better stock to the county.

Mr. Little—Restriction presupposes that the people within the jurisdiction of the society have a right to all the premiums offered. He thought a healthy competition would be very likely to bring in better articles and better stock.

Mr. English is in favor of knowing just who are members and how far the membership extends.

A resolution favoring restricted competition was lost.

"Money Prizes and Testimonials."—T. R. Harrison, of Paw Paw.—Our management have issued periodicals in lieu of money premiums. It has not been a success. Those who had competed for and won a prize, do not care to be dictated to as to what they shall take in the shape of literature.

Elson Woodman, Paw Paw, thought it a good idea to distribute a limited number of periodicals, but would not advise the continuance year after year. Diplomas soon lose their value to stock men, especially when they are awarded two or three of a kind. Mr. Little wanted to know the necessity of going out of the State for periodicals, when we have such excellent farm journals at home; he thought we could override the diploma business. A diploma should not be given for a money consideration less than \$25.

"Trials of Speed."—T. R. Harrison said that it seems to be the central idea with some managers of county fairs, that they must have a horse race to bring the crowd. At our last fair we did offer large premiums for fast horses, and it brought a class of persons who were no credit to any community.

Mr. Davis, of Niles, said they had trotting at their fair, they had a remarkably well behaved crowd; and as it was on the same day as the Paw Paw fair, that fully explained where all the bunnies were.

Mr. Baldwin, Berrien County: Managers of fairs usually cast about to see how best they can raise the money to pay the premiums and expenses; and if a race promises to furnish the needed revenue, that, in his judgment, was the policy to pursue to make the fair a success.

A. B. Copley, of the Volinia Farmers' Club, did not know what was meant by success. If the fair was intended as a resort for gamblers and rowdies, if it is to teach our young men all the tricks of the trade, then the race must be called a success. If, as alleged, everybody is found at the grand stand during the trials of speed, leaving their committee work, or the care of their stock to run after the race, then it must detract from the value of the lessons to be learned at a fair, and be a disorganizer that is fatal to a real success.

The arguments in favor of trials of speed were that the management of fairs were not the conservators of public morals, and that they must in some way hedge against a failure to procure the funds necessary to make it a financial success. The tone of sentiment in the community where the fair is located must be the gauge of action. It is not the province of the board (except by egotism) to say what is evil, and fairs must be run on business principles. These views were held by Baker, Adams, Sherwood and Baldwin, and opposed by Copley, Woodman, Harrison and Glidden.

The arguments on so widely divergent views were very moderate in tone, and gentlemanly in bearing, and the principle of agreeing to disagree was carried out to its fullest extent.

The paper by Prof. Samuel Johnson of the Agricultural College, on "The duty of the Educated Farmer to the Community and the State," was a masterly production, carrying conviction to every mind. A brief synopsis could but give a glimpse of its excellence, and the general public can afford to await its publication.

Following the paper came the topic "Side Shows and Miscellaneous Attractions." The discussion on the topic was



Group of American Merino Ewes Owned by E. B. Welch, Paw Paw, Mich.

crystallized in the following resolution, which was passed.

Resolved: "That side shows and other miscellaneous attractions which do not bear the semblance of gambling, or getting something for nothing, are helpful in fair management."

The time having arrived for fixing the place of the next meeting, and for the election of officers, the invitation, through Mr. Baker, to hold the next annual meeting at Lansing, was considered, and by a motion from A. C. Glidden was decided upon.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, William Ball, Hamburg; Vice-President, Ben. B. Baker, Lansing; Secretary, Frank Little, Kalamazoo; Executive Committee, C. H. Sherwood, Watervliet; A. C. Glidden, Paw Paw, H. Hinds, Stanton.

## A TRIP AMONG THE SHEEP BREEDERS OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

Paw Paw, Mich., Feb. 9, 1882.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Having recently returned from a hurried trip in western New York, in which I thought your numerous readers would be interested, I will summarize it as follows: I arrived at Batavia via the New York Central Road. Called first on Mr. S. B. Lusk, and found him carrying a large flock of good sheep, though not in as good show fit as I have seen them.

I then started for Churchville, where I visited a brother living at that place. I then went to Rochester and took the Rush stage 10 miles south, and stopped at George F. Martin's. I found him in good health and spirits. I expected to be able to purchase some ram lambs and yearlings from him, but I arrived too late, as he had sold them to A. M. Willett, Muir, Ionia Co., Mich., the week before. I found his flock in good condition, though not in show fit. He has reserved from his sales seven ram lambs and one yearling. The reserved ram lambs were the best I saw in the State, and of two or three of them the Martins have high hopes. They were sired by Result 382 A. M. R., and he is said to have been a remarkably good sire of rams. The rams used in his flock this year are Reliable 285 A. M. R., and Jason Jr. 6, Vermont Atwood Club. He was bred by Jennings & Dean, owners of the Stowell flock. This ram is owned in company with Peter Martin.

Last year I purchased eight one and two year old ewes and nine rams of G. F. Martin. Three of the ewes appear in the cut on this page. I have raised a ram lamb from one of the eight ewes which I would like my brother breeders to see. He was sired by Reliable 285 A. M. R.

The next place visited was Peter Martin's. I found his flock in good, thriving condition; though none of them had been housed they show a capacity for roughing it, and still retain a fine showy appearance; in fact I found no flocks in that section in that high, showy state that is seen in sheep coming here from Vermont. The New York men seemed to think that sheep in a state of nature are more healthy, breed more uniformly, and give better satisfaction to purchasers. Here I saw the ram Reliable in whom the Martins have great faith, which I have reason to believe well founded. He is two years old, weighs about 160 lbs., stands up squarely on all fours, is well wrinkled, especially on the underside—a strong point with the Martins—has medium length of fleece, and will shear heavy. The half interest in him was sold to Howland Sherman, of Avon, when a lamb.

My next visit was in company with G. F. Martin, to F. B. Pierson's, of Avon, where I purchased 18 yearling ewes, his entire crop of that age. Mr. Pierson has made a point to breed for a large, rather smooth surface, with a long staple of the delaine type. His breeding ewes are very large, and show great constitution. The ram at the head of his flock is Cass Spencer 452 A. M. R., he is a low, heavy built sheep, with long staple, and has sheared 38 lbs.

The next flock was that of Silas Hillman, of Avon; he has a good flock, but having sold all his surplus stock I did not look them over very closely. He has a

Clark ram at the head of his flock, which I learned was not a popular strain of blood in western New York, especially with the Martins.

After leaving Hillman's we hauled up at Howland Sherman's, at Avon, where we spent the night. His flock consists of 50 breeding ewes, 15 yearling ewes, about 25 ewe lambs, about 30 one and two year old rams, and 18 ram lambs. They are of medium size, compactly built, with a dense fleece of medium length. His ewe lambs were the best I saw, and I heard it remarked that they were the best lot in western New York. He also had some very choice lambs; they were sired by Reliable 285, which ram he is now breeding from.

The next flock looked over was that of Justin Goodrich, of Lima. His flock is of good medium size, compact in form, with good length of staple, fairly well wrinkled, and some highly so. He had 50 breeding ewes, 15 yearling ewes, about 20 ewe lambs, and about as many ram lambs. The yearling ewes are especially fine. He did not intend selling them, but my tempting offer induced him to part with them. They are now at my place where they can be seen and handled by all who will take the trouble to come, especially those who have made recent purchases of Vermont sheep, who can thus compare notes. The rams used in this flock for the past ten years are Harry Dean 229 A. M. R., Peck and Goodrich 453, Corporal 405, and Echo 360. The above mentioned yearling ewes were sired by Peck and Goodrich, and Corporal. Echo, a promising young ram, now stands at the head of the flock.

The flocks of New York are wintering well, and the sheep men are anticipating a healthy lamb drop. Their sales have been satisfactory, though not at as high prices, they think, as in Vermont. They claim to want to live and let live, believing as they do that those extreme prices are detrimental to the general interests of breeders.

E. B. WELSH.

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E. B. WELSH.

When Doctors Disagree.

Editor Michigan Farmer.

In your paper of January 31, "A Subscriber" inquires as to the value of leached ashes as a top dressing, as is answered by A. C. G., who, in discussing the question, says: "In the process of leaching, the active elements have run off in the lye. Scarcely a trace of any of them remains except potash." Phosphoric acid is mentioned among the active elements leached out.

In the same paper is another article, from the N. Y. Times, on "the value of ashes," the writer of which says that "the loss occasioned by leaching is chiefly of potash, the lime and the phosphoric acid remaining nearly intact."

I remember reading an item in the N. Y. Times to the effect that leached ashes retained their phosphoric acid, which the leaching did not remove.

Now, which is right? It is important to know whether this valuable fertilizer and element of plant growth, phosphoric acid is or is not contained in leached ashes, as in those unleached.

J. J.

Facts and Figures.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Having noticed the discussions respecting the comparative values of cross-bred sheep, and being very much interested, (as I keep a few sheep,) I would like to put in a word. Perhaps I will pass for, in your judgment, what Mr. Moore styles himself, "an unenlightened, one horse farmer." I am young and green, and have only 80 acres of newly improved land on my farm. In the fall of 1879 I bought 53 high grade Merino ewes in Livingston and Washtenaw Counties, with the following result, which I copy from the book account that I have kept with my flock:

lieve, captured the red ribbon at the State Fair. His horses, (of which he has some noble specimens), cattle and sheep all show careful supervision, and his buildings are models of convenience and cleanliness; no lack of enterprise here.

We next visited the farm of Joseph Hadley, and were kindly received and shown around by his son Edward, who is now home superintending the farm. He



## The Farm.

### Permanence of Manures.

At a late meeting of the Elmira (N. Y.) Farmers' Club, reported by the *Husbandman*, the discussion turned upon the length of time during which a coating of manure will benefit successive crops. One speaker said that it was impossible to say how much of a heavy covering of manure is taken up by any single crop. The benefits are sometimes distributed over several years. The uncertain element in computing the value of manure is this distribution through successive crops. Besides, there is something to be credited to the action of manure in releasing fertility latent before its application—the changed condition that permits crops to appropriate what was already in the soil, but not available without manure. Sometimes an application of manure shows plainly through several succeeding crops. As a rule, he doubted if a good dressing is more than one-third appropriated by the next grain crop. Another said that cabbage would take all the elements contained in a dressing of manure, and the next speaker declared that though it might take all the elements it could appropriate, there would be something left for wheat or oats or corn—elements that cabbage can not use. The best crop of wheat he ever raised was on land that came into his possession after it had been used steadily for oats so long that the crop had run down to twenty-two bushels to the acre. He fitted that land for wheat and got forty-four bushels. The oats had exhausted elements that went into their composition, but without manure there was something left for wheat.

W. S. Carpenter, a member of the club, says: "Manuring heavily is like eating a great deal. I take a great deal of food, but to balance the account I must work a great deal. If I fail to do that, there is a penalty—sickness. I may eat and work, but without the work, very moderate eating is better than full indulgence. So with land—if manured heavily it must turn off heavy crops, or the farmer who pays the cost will get sick. Give me manure and I will try to get good crops, but I have to try without full supply, for manure can not be bought at such rates as will leave profit in grain crops. Now I must say that my opinions have changed some what about the ways of using manure to get the most profit out of it, but I have a rule that I can stand by: If the manure in the soil, no matter how, so it gets in the earth with a little covering. Once in the soil it is safe; there is nothing to lose. Pile and rot, handle and expose it, and there is waste—waste, besides labor lost. I would rather have two loads raw, than rot one into one load;—yes, one and a half loads raw, than two rot into one. For my use the soil will take care of all the value when the raw manure is put into it, and it will extract the fertilizing elements, no matter how raw the manure when it goes in. I do not accept the theory that raw manure is not good for wheat. No doubt that fine manure is better, but even wheat will stand raw manure in the soil, and if it doesn't take all there is in it the next crop will get something. I do not believe any single grain crop will exhaust a heavy dressing of manure. Tobacco may do it, so far as the elements it appropriates are concerned, but even after that crop something would be left to support a succeeding grain crop—and tobacco is more exhausting to the land than anything else we raise."

### Injured Corn.

The Massachusetts *Ploughman* comments on the damage done to corn by moisture and heat, and the consequent loss of feeding qualities, as follows:

"Few farmers realize to what extent corn is injured by being left in the field in wet weather until it becomes mouldy, or by shelling it before it is perfectly dry, and storing it in large masses, nor do they fully understand the difference between their own corn, which has been harvested at just the right time and in the best condition, and the corn that has been transported a long distance, and been stored many weeks in large masses; and they often fail to discover the difference between the meal they buy all ground and the meal that they get from corn that they buy. This is not because there is no difference, but probably because they do not watch the result as closely as they should."

"The immense quantity of corn that is grown and carried to distant markets by the farmers of the West, renders it difficult, if not impossible, to harvest it and store it so as to keep it perfectly sweet. We have every reason to believe that large quantities are put on the market in a condition so bad that it would be impossible to retail it in the kernel; so it is steamed, dried, and ground into meal, and put on the market as meal from merchantable corn, and sold at prices far above its value. If the farmer must buy his grain, he should always buy the best corn he can find in the market, and get it ground by a reliable miller. He will then have some idea of the meal. But even then, if the corn has been stored in large masses for any great length of time, its value will be less than meal from corn of his own growing. Any one who will step into a grain store, and take up a handful of corn that has been transported a long distance, and carefully look it over and pick out every damaged kernel, will be surprised at the large number he will be still further surprised to find how badly some of them are damaged."

"The great mistake which some make is in buying what is sold for second quality, because they can get it a few cents cheaper. The difference in quality is always more than the difference in price. The poor quality not only does not possess near as much fattening qualities as the good, but it often injures the health of the animals to an extent far beyond what is saved in price. Most of the farmers have the remedy in their own hands, namely, raise their own corn. Failing in this, they should buy only the highest grade of sound corn, and have it ground in

quantities to be used in a few weeks, for meal cannot be kept in large quantities as well as the corn."

### Too Much Churning.

Prof. L. B. Arnold quotes C. A. Green's recipe for making butter come quickly in winter, and follows it by a few comments on the subject:

"Heat the milk as soon as strained (but not to the boiling point), which causes the cream to rise in twelve hours. When ready to churn, warm the cream to the proper temperature, then stir with a spoon, in one direction, 300 times without stopping. Churn immediately, and the butter will come in from five to fifteen minutes. A small piece of pulverized saltpetre added to the cream also helps to bring the butter quickly."

"When at this season of the year the nutriment supplied to cows is insufficient, either from deficient quantity, or what is more common, from its being so ripe and slow to digest that they cannot utilize enough to support their bodies and a flow of milk and a large and rapidly growing fetus at the same time, the latter will also absorb so much vitality from the gradually failing milk glands that their secretions become imperfect, impairing the milk both in quality and quantity. Then comes the tug of war with the churn. Then comes from Biddy or the boys who have worked to exhaustion with butter no nearer in prospect than at the beginning, the exclamation, 'What does all the cream?'"

"The difficulty in churning can generally be relieved by a more generous diet, consisting of an extra daily ration of oatmeal, oil meal and roots, or some similar food. But if this cannot be done, the churning can be much improved by setting the fresh milk over a kettle of boiling water and heating it to about 145 deg., or till the wrinkles in the skin which will form on the surface chase each other over the milk in quick succession. Then, without cooling, set away for the cream to rise. It will soon come up quickly and if churned while fresh, without waiting till it becomes excessively sour and stale, it will churn easily, whether the whey is burnt out of it or not, or whether it is stirred all the time one way, or to the right or to the left."

"If it should be necessary to hold cream longer than desirable to accumulate a churning, a common teaspoonful of borax and saltpetre in equal parts, pulverized and dissolved and well stirred into a gallon of cream, will very much prolong its keeping and improve the butter, and help to make the churning easier. It takes longer to churn the cream from a cow when farrow than when she is fresh. It is not a good practice, therefore, to mix the milk of a farrow cow with that of cows recently in milk, if it is to be made into butter, as its cream will be so much longer in churning that most of it will be left with the buttermilk. When the milking season is well advanced the difference in churning is less, and the farrow cow's milk can be mixed with better advantage."

### How to Save Seed.

G. F. Needham, of Washington, writes to the *Rural World* as follows:

"How to prevent crops from deteriorating is a most important question, lying at the foundation of all agricultural and horticultural prosperity. Nature's law is 'multiply and replenish,' no matter as to the particular quality. 'The survival of the fittest' governs the result. But nature's operations are too slow for our short lives, so the business of the cultivator is to aid mother Nature, and thus reach the best results in the shortest periods."

"It is a fact too well known that, ordinarily, crops deteriorate, and this, for one reason, because the seed becomes weakened. The story of 'Dreer's Improved Lima bean' will illustrate the idea and explain the whole *modus operandi* of saving seed."

"Some years ago a gardener asked our Mr. Saunders how he could improve the Lima bean. He was told to find, if possible, a pod having at least four beans; the next season to plant the one, the largest and best of these; the next season to select as before one bean, the one which not only seemed to be the eye the largest and best; but the one that could weigh the most, and then to pursue this method for several years. The result we all know is a really great improvement of 'that delicious vegetable.'"

"One has asked why are our melons so inferior nowadays? The answer is that pains are not taken in saving the seed. There is a variety of muskmelon sold by one of our seedsmen, the 'Hunter' melon, which illustrates this point. Mr. Hunter received, years since from abroad, seeds of a very choice melon. These were planted, and the seed of only the very best were saved. In this manner has the seed been selected, and now after more than twenty years this variety commands the highest price in our markets, and the seed sells for \$3 per pound, while other varieties can be had for fifty cents and are dear at that."

"I have seen a stalk of corn 'earring ten ears. Of course, this nine-fold increase came from selecting the seed, at first, of a stalk that bore two good ears, then there would be a few with three ears, and so on until the grand result was reached. I know that many farmers say that if they can get one good ear on each stalk they will be satisfied. Well, such are not very particular, and will buy corn from a neighbor's crib and plant the best of this. Of course, they get only an ordinary crop. Is not this the reason that growing Indian corn has become such a poor and unpaying business? For my part, I will let the idiots grow this corn, and I will purchase it in the fall for less than \$2 per barrel."

"We have many new varieties of wheat, but if I were growing it I would screen out from one hundred bushels say one bushel of the largest and plumpest berries, and sowing this, would, the next season, do likewise, and would ultimately get the very best seed wheat. There is one other idea involved in this matter to which we all need to take heed. It is the seed that impoverishes the soil. The more seed the greater the drain, and therefore the greater need of fertilizing."

### Brood Mares.

If those who contemplate breeding one or many trotters, either for profit or pleasure, would exercise more judgment in the selection of their brood mares, and not depend entirely upon the stallion for all the desired excellencies in the foal, they would be much more generally successful, and have much less cause to denounce this and that well bred horse as worthless because he failed to produce a Maud S. or a St. Julien out of their twenty five dollar mare. But we are not going to preach a sermon upon this subject to day, although the text is a prolific one—our intention being merely to call attention to one among many brood mares that have proved a fortune to their owners. Alma Master, by Mambrino Patchen, dam Estella, by Imp. Australian, is the mare we allude to. When Dr. A. S. Talbot of Lexington, Ky., bought her for \$500 he was in quite moderate circumstances, and some of his friends thought the purchase smacked of extravagance; and then to breed her to a high priced stallion like George Wilkes, capped the climax, and had the Doctor been so unfortunate as to become financially embarrassed, the wisecracks would have forthwith charged all the trouble to his investment in horse-flesh. But the result has vindicated the soundness of the Doctor's judgment. Alcantara was Alma Master's first produce, and Alcyone the next, and both are fast trotters. Alcantara was sold for \$30,000, and his breeder wisely invested in a beautiful farm, and laid the foundation for a fortune by securing a few brood mares that compare favorably with his first produce. For Alcyone he refused an offer of \$10,000, preferring to retain him as a stock horse.—*Western Sportsman*.

### Tanning Skins.

Skins can be tanned or tawed, according to a correspondent of the *Courier-Journal*, as follows:

Shave off with a sharp knife all flesh adhering to the skin, then wash thoroughly with warm water and strong soap both the hair and flesh side of the skin. After being cleansed, stretch the skin tightly upon a board, with the flesh side up, and apply and rub well into a composition of equal parts of common salt and alum. After the composition has been applied, put the skin—still on the board—in a shaded place to dry, and when dry rub with the hand until the surplus composition is removed and the skin is pliable. If it is desired to color the wool the dye should be prepared luke warm, and the skin dipped into it and colored the desired shade after being cleansed, and before the salt and alum composition is applied.

A CINCINNATI lard dealer says most of the so-called refined lard is a combination of good lard, hog grease, oleomargarine, stearine and common tallow. It is made in large quantities in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New York and Cleveland, and everywhere in the United States. Large quantities go to Cuba and Europe. He says the tallow was added to the hog grease, stearine and oleomargarine to give the compound a certain required lard-like stiffness, but the bogus quality of the article was discovered as soon as it was put in the skillet and began to melt. Then it gave forth the odor of tallow and greasy compounds, which was offensive to the olfactory, and gave a bad smell to biscuits, griddle cakes and the like. The only way the consumer could get a pure article of lard was to go into the market and get leaf lard and render it out, or buy what is called kettle lard.

The Board of Health of New York has during the last fortnight been doing very essential service to the poor of the city in bringing to trial and conviction in the Court of special sessions about sixty vendors of impure and adulterated milk on whom fines from \$25 to \$50 were imposed and levied to the amount of \$2,300, which is hoped will have the effect of putting an end to the nefarious system of trafficking in one of the greatest blessings conferred by a Supreme Being on the human race, namely, pure milk from the cow.

### Agricultural Items.

A DUCHESNE county farmer says, in the *Country Gentleman*: "To get grass started on poor land, which is tillable, and where there is not much manure, the land should be thoroughly cultivated, and dressed with what manure there is, made fine and harrowed in, and the grass seed—clover and timothy—sown without any grain. It is a mistake to suppose that some grain, growing with the grass, is a necessary protection to it, by keeping it shaded very small. The moisture, which the grain draws away from the grass, is more necessary to the grass than the shading could be. It will probably take some weeks the first year, when it should be mowed in proper time. It will be a rare thing if after that there is not a good crop of grass. And where there are good crops of grass there comes fertility."

"RESTICUS," in the *Ohio Farmer*, declines to waste any sympathy upon farmers who complain of their corn rotting in the shock. He says it is owing to too great haste to cut it up, the reason of the haste being that they want to sow the corn ground to wheat, a slovenly way of farming of which he does not approve. He says: "The spaces occupied by the shocks are lost for that season, and the roots of the old stalks poison the ground for the wheat. How do they? The grass remaining in them sours from a fermentation which it sets up. This is worse where the corn stalks are standing."

Economy of food is promoted by diminishing the demand for heat and work. An animal at rest in a stall will increase in weight far more than an animal taking active exercise on the same diet. In the same way the increase from a given weight of food will be less in winter than in spring or autumn, a far larger proportion of food being consumed for the production of heat when the animal is living in a cold atmosphere. Hence the economy of feeding animals under cover during winter. If, however, the temperature becomes so high as to considerably increase the perspiration, waste of food again takes place, heat being consumed in the evaporation of water. The temperature most favorable for animal increase is apparently about 70 deg. Fahr. Quietness and freedom from excitement are essential to rapid fattening. The absence of strong light is also desirable.

The Massachusetts *Ploughman* very truly says in reference to the raising of bees for sugar: "It seems very evident that with the present price of sugar, and with the present machinery for manufacturing, a profit can be obtained only under the most favorable conditions. The land must be well adapted to the growth of the best, and it must be located so near the factory that the farmer can with his own team deliver his bees and carry back to his farm his portion of beet pulp; this he must be prepared to keep in good condition, until he can feed it out to the best advantage; and the manufactory must be located where it is surrounded with a sufficient number of farmers, who not only have the proper soil but who are willing to raise a sufficient amount of beets every year to supply the factory to its fullest capacity. When all of these conditions can be secured there will be some prospect for success in business."

## The Poultry Yard.

### About Incubators.

"Fanny Field" is awake on the subject of incubators. She has seen the "ad" of a man who promises to furnish directions for making the "Common Sense Incubator" for \$2, and has a doubting heart as to the purely benevolent character of his motives, so she writes to the *Ohio Farmer* that a man who will take the trouble to order the printed directions for making a cheap incubator, and then send them post paid to all who desire them for just what they cost him, throwing in his time, postage and the money paid for advertising, must be brimful of the "milk of human kindness," and then relates her experience with "printed directions":

"The directions, for which I paid \$2, were plain, oh, very plain, but all the same I couldn't make the thing. It took a carpenter nearly three days to get it in running order, and when finished, instead of the \$5 that was to cover the cost of making, it had cost me nearly \$15. 'Cheap enough!' I exclaimed. 'Looks like the Old Harry,' said the wise man, 'and besides the blamed thing won't work—it is not constructed on scientific principles!'"

"What do I care for science or beauty if it will only hatch chickens?"

"But it won't,"

"Wait and see," I replied, and he did wait, with an amount of faith that astonished me now when I think of it. I filled the machine with eggs, but I couldn't get the temperature inside up to the required degree. After fussing with it for a week I took out the eggs, made 'improvements' that cost over \$7 and started again. After working the thing three days and finding that I could keep the temperature within three or four degrees of the right pitch, I filled her up with eggs, tended carefully and waited, but I didn't wait long. One day I came in from a three hours' ride and found my incubator up to 110 degrees. I regulated things and worried along a week longer; at the end of that time the mercury dropped down suddenly one night, I forgot to wake up to fix up the fire in the hatching room and regulate the incubator, and in the morning the eggs were cold, or nearly so, and the thermometer indicated 50 degrees, but I kept the eggs in 21 days, then threw them away, put on more 'improvements' and tried again. This time the wise man, the hired girl and I took turns and watched the machine for 21 days and nights, and at the end of our vigil we counted 18 chicks from 200 eggs. That incubator is for sale cheap."

### Poultry Notes.

It is generally conceded by the majority of poultry breeders that a meat diet is essential during cold weather, when worms, bugs and insects are not to be found by the birds. But though considered necessary to stone for the lost insect food it should be used sparingly and not fed too often to young fowls.

In winter and early spring, to keep up egg production, the fowls must have something to work on. The best way to supply them, if there is not enough of waste meat scraps from the breeder's table to meet the required demand, is to get scraps from the butcher or slaughter house. The waste meat, offal, and the bloody pieces which are unsalable can be bought for a cent or two a pound.

The best way to utilize these scraps and to render them more digestible and nutritious is to cut them into fine pieces, put them into a boiler with plenty of water and boil them until the bones separate from the flesh. Then stir corn meal into the liquid until it makes a thick mush, season with salt and pepper, and cook till done. Feed this when cold to the poultry and they will eat it with evident relish; besides you have a most excellent food which will keep during cold weather.

Our experience is in favor of cooking the meat. It goes further, is more nourishing and less injurious if overfed than in a raw state. Sheep's heads, shanks, livers and bone pieces can be utilized in this way, and the soup mixed in with meal or scalded with wheat and seasoned to suit. Young fowls should be fed sparingly with flesh; meat, grain and cooked vegetables is the best staple food when properly varied.

In winter, when Jack Frost demands so much heat to counter-balance his icy touch, we must keep our fowls comfortably warm, and feed them on such food as will supply the requisite amount of heat. It is true, corn is a most excellent winter food, in connection with other grain, to enable stock to successfully withstand the cold, but it is poor grain to produce eggs. Buckwheat is good for winter use. It is heating and stimulating and induces early laying. A warm mess of wheat middlings, potatoes and scraps of meat makes an excellent breakfast. These combine heat, nutriment and egg properties. Buckwheat or oats for dinner, and wheat or corn for supper, is good fare, but though good in their way fowls require green food besides.

Hens or pullets that have been fed on this or on a similar kind of fare during the few months of winter will in the early spring be laying freely. To keep this up it is necessary that the food should be varied and of good quality. The produc-

tion of an egg a day, or one every other day, is a strain on the strength and capacity of a hen. At this season fowls cannot forage for their food, and are entirely dependent upon what is given them. But we can overdo this thing—they should have all they will eat up clean, but never overfed. Fowls kept up to their full vigor during winter will produce eggs correspondingly strong and healthy, and the chicks will thrive and grow better than when hatched from eggs laid by hens in a neglected or poor condition.

Not only be liberally fed, but the food should be of a quality that contains albuminoids and fat. The natural food of the fowl consists of seed, insects, vegetable matter, etc. The food in winter should be varied, and consist of grain, animal matter, cabbage, onions, turnips, potatoes, and fine cut hay. These are substitutes for the natural food and the best that can be had. Of course there are ways of preparing to make them more agreeable and stimulating, by knowing the wants and tastes of the fowls that will suggest themselves to the poultryer, but even with all these, the fowls must be kept warm, healthy and clean, and have plenty of eggshell matter by them to lay well.—*Poultry Monthly*.

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## Horticultural.

## STRAWBERRIES, VS. THE SOUTH HAVEN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

To a person with some acquaintance with the practice of the members of the South Haven Pomological Society, participating in the discussions reported in the issue of the FARMER of the 24th ult., as well as that of others, whose unreported practice has doubtless helped to supply the basis for the conclusions there announced, the opinions there expressed might appear occasion for amusement, were not the possible influence of conclusions so confidently put forth of too grave a character to be thus lightly treated.

We are not disposed to deny that, with the practice of these gentlemen and their co-laborers, their conclusions that the Wilson is the only strawberry really satisfactory for market purposes is a legitimate one. We are informed that Triomphe de Gand is unprofitable and unsatisfactory. True, as they grow it, and all others, in matted rows! A very slight acquaintance with the history of commercial strawberry culture for the last thirty years would have assured them that a trial of it would be a waste of time and money, unless on rich, strong soils with high, thorough culture in hills, and with a market to appreciate superior quality. This was the position, clearly taken and freely announced by the original introducer, the late Rev. J. Knox, of Pittsburgh, Penn.

Jacunda is also condemned for a similar reason and because it is too soft. Its thirty years history might also have enabled them to reach their conclusion without a trial; for these, however, very good apparent reasons to doubt whether these experimenters have not been growing another variety under that name.

A very singular as well as significant circumstance in connection with the discussion is, that while the Wilson is put so prominently forward on account of its ability to bear hard ship generally, the second most desirable berry, in the estimation of these same men, should be the Crescent—a variety, like the Wilson, well qualified to take care of itself, in spite of neglect, but in almost every other respect as unlike it as possible—lacking in size, poor in quality, soft in texture and with nothing to recommend it in the market but quantity—with no valuable peculiarity, so far as the cultivation is concerned, beyond such as have already secured it the cognomen of "The Lazy Man's Strawberry."

We have aimed to state what we believe to be the essential facts in the case, as a means of adding force to another fact, important to the case, as we regard it, viz., that, so far as we are informed, commercial growers of the strawberry here, without exception within our acquaintance, manage their plantations upon the "matted row" system—a system that renders clean culture next to impossible, but usually, at least with the two prominent sorts already named, secures quantity, with little regard for anything else.

We know full well that quality alone is at a discount with the great mass of city consumers, and we know equally well that there are several other varieties which under only moderately good management will and do greatly surpass those named in all the qualities necessary to a profitable result, while free from some serious objections which lie against the two favorites heretofore named.

As has been frequently remarked heretofore, not alone by us, by any means, the fact of the preference of a large class of growers for the Wilson and the Crescent is believed to be a serious drawback upon the profitability of strawberry culture. They enable the indifferent or thrifless cultivator to maintain a position in the market and to reap such pecuniary results as to encourage his continuance, while such sorts as Sharpless, Cumberland, Triomphe, Seth Boyden, Seneca Queen, Marvin and Bidwell, although doubtless far more profitable under the thorough and judicious treatment of efficient, intelligent and experienced cultivators, would perhaps drive them out of the field by slow starvation, and thus leave the way clear for such elevation of the standard of culture, as well as of market requirement, as might place the whole business upon a plane at once more reputable and profitable.

As justification of our objection to the Wilson and Crescent, we refer confidently to the freely expressed opinions of the most successful as well as intelligent strawberry growers of our country. We may also repeat the conviction heretofore expressed, with the force of added assurance of its correctness, that while the aid of the commercial grower has beyond doubt been valuable in the organization and effective conduct of horticultural organizations, its tendency has too generally been to the discouragement of actual progress, by lowering the standard of requirement to a mere compliance with the demands of a market, which more commonly knows and cares little for anything beyond what can be clearly indicated to the uneducated eye.

Comparatively few commercial growers within our sphere of observation allow themselves to contribute either money, labor or thought to the improvement of either varieties or processes, until others shall have developed at least a probability that something valuable to them personally may be accomplished, while at the same time no amount of superiority will be regarded, unless it shall be found susceptible of returning a superior result to the pocket, rather than to the surroundings, but which still go so far toward creating the attractions of what we are wont to designate as home.

T. T. LYON.

## MICHIGAN STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The winter meeting of the State Horticultural Society is announced for February 28, and the place selected is Hudson, Lenawee County. The meeting is to be held in connection with the Farmers'

Union, and a large attendance of fruit-growers and farmers is confidently looked for. The programme extends over three days, commencing on Tuesday evening, February 28. Secretary Garfield sends us the following list of topics that are to be called up for discussion:

- A—PRIMARY HORTICULTURE.
  - 1 Seed growing.
  - 2 Michigan nursery stock.
  - 3 The children's garden.
- B—MECHANICAL HORTICULTURE.
  - 1 Implements.
  - 2 Buildings.
  - 3 Packages.
- C—HORTICULTURAL EDUCATION.
  - 1 In the schools.
  - 2 In the home.
  - 3 Apprenticeship.
  - 4 In the college.
  - 5 In associations.
  - 6 Experience and observation.
- D—HORTICULTURE AS AN ADJUNCT OF THE FARM.
  - 1 The orchard.
  - 2 The garden.
  - 3 About the house.
  - 4 In the house.
  - 5 Upon the highway.
- E—POMOLOGY AND THE POCKET BOOK.
  - 1 The market—how to reach and manipulate it.
  - 2 Honest packing.
  - 3 The knife—when and how to use it.
  - 4 Advertising at fairs.
  - 5 Fruit raising for money as a part of mixed husbandry.

Local committees on reception, entertainment, exhibit and music have already been selected. All who are to attend from outside of Hudson and vicinity, should drop a postal card to Mr. C. B. Stowell, Hudson, Michigan, or to the Secretary of the State Society.

## Flower Gardens.

J. J. H. Gregory, a successful seedsmen of Marblehead, Mass., says in the *American Cultivator*:

"We can get the largest returns from our flower gardens for the labor invested by planting shrubs and perennials. These will all know when spring has come with any thought on the part of the gardener, and with but little outlay of care will make their annual returns of blossoms with each revolving year. But let those who plan on a larger scale, but whose means are limited, invest as large a proportion of their fund devoted to flowers as possible in the self-seeding annuals. These include many of our finest flowers, among which are the verbenas, balsam, petunia, sweet alyssum, cockscomb, umbellata, candytuft, catchfly, acorncomb, tall convolvul, coropsis, eschscholzia, larkspur, hibesius, ipomea, marigolds, mignette, poppy, salpiglossis and pansy. All of these can be depended upon to mature their seed every season, if planted in the open ground by the first of June, and every one of them if allowed to go to seed will show a progress of a thousand-fold each year. The aster may be added to the list, but it cannot always be depended upon to mature its seed when planted in the open ground.

"This list includes the majority of the most brilliant flowers of our gardens, and when it is considered that five cents will purchase a package of seed of nearly all of these, and ten cents of the remainder, and that when once planted no further outlay will be needed for a generation, even those housewives who are driven by hard necessity to exercise the utmost frugality, if with a small area at command, can afford a garden for their own pleasure and the cultivation of the love of the beautiful in their growing families. There are a few facts worth noting relative to these self-seeders. 1. That the quality of the flowers does not deteriorate when nature is allowed to sow them year after year. 2. That these self sown seeds come up earlier, bloom earlier, and under the same conditions of room and food the plants from them are more vigorous than those raised from hand sown seed. 3. That owing to the shallow planting required a large portion of seed planted by hand is apt to fail, not obtaining sufficient moisture at the surface to enable them to vegetate; or, if a heavy rain falls soon after planting, are liable to be washed out, or if high winds prevail, the covering soil and the seed itself is likely to be blown away.

"To get their best development from these self-sown plants, a caution is needed, and that with some emphasis—thin your plants very boldly. Begin the thinning process when they are an inch high. It is safe to say that not one lady in a hundred has the courage to thin her plants as liberally as is necessary to obtain their natural form and the largest and best display of the flowers; and, further, that little thinning is done is done too late, leaving the plants remaining both slender and tender.

"It requires a considerable degree of moral courage for our housewife when she finds her garden at mid-spring covered with numerous vigorous young plants—considering, as she involuntarily does, the possibilities wrapped up in each individual one, that it has the capacity to bear numerous beautiful flowers—to grasp them with fingers that seem wanton, and throw them by scores to be trodden under foot. She can rarely bring herself to treat her plants so cruelly, and the result is that in almost every garden may be seen ten plants occupying the space needed for the full development of one, all crowding each other out of all shape and comeliness, and finally pushing up a few struggling terminal flowers to beg a gleam of sunlight. Accepted good advice; believe in the "survival of the fittest" and thin boldly. Make three thinnings; the first when an inch high; again when two or three inches; and finally in a week from this thin to as few as your conscience will allow to shut your eyes and pull up at least half of what remains. Have you ever seen the normal form of our common garden flowering plants? When crowded into an area of a few square inches, none of them has liberty to reveal itself to us. Even that small plant, the pansy, or the portulaca, requires a square foot of room to enable it to develop the symmetry of its structure; and this word symmetry belongs to every plant of the garden; it is safe to say that every one of the hundreds of varieties found in our gardens would display the beauty of symmetry in its proportions were it allowed to develop its normal form."

## Fruit Growing in Utah.

A gentleman of Omaha, Neb., who has been visiting in the western States, writes to the *Country Gentleman* in reference to horticulture as seen in one locality in Utah:

"On a visit last September to Brigham City, Utah, I called on a noted horticulturist of that section, Mr. Faulkner. I would say here that this country depends entirely on irrigation, and all the western territories tell of a greatly increased rainfall. A neat cottage, a white fence in front, a crowd of hybrid perpetual roses in bloom on a green lawn, at once arrest attention, but I came to this garden to see the grapes. The Muscatels and Sweetwaters were glorious, in great bunches of three pounds and over. Then in the next row were Ives (Mr. F. said "Black Ives"), Concord, Diana, Delaware and Iowa loaded with rich fruit. An eastern grower would say that Mr. F.'s style of growing is not the way, but its success tells the story. The trellises are flat; such as we would make for tomatoes at the East. Under these, as wanted, runs a small stream of water. The atmosphere being dry here, mildew is unknown, and the fruit matures rich with juice and sugar.

"A fine orchard of apples, crabs and plums, loaded with fruit, all trimmed in pyramidal shape, was very attractive. Coe's Golden Drop, Imperial and German prunes were loaded. Mr. Faulkner said he cuts back his trees as he does his grape vines, shortening in each year's growth; hence he has fruit every year. The prunes excelled all in their management. Imagine a Louise Bonne loaded with fruit on a trellis 5 feet high! The trunk was perhaps 5 inches in diameter, and commencing a foot from the ground, four laterals on each side, 12 feet long, were carefully trained. Besides this, he had a lot of espaliers, which would challenge the best in the East. A dwarf pear, which was loaded to the ground with great pears—Eudale St. Germain—was very attractive."

## Horticulture in the Channel Islands.

W. P. Hazard's address before the Agricultural Convention at Washington, mentions the beautiful surroundings of the homes of farmers:

"We saw camellia trees over twelve inches in diameter and thirty feet from one edge of the shadow to the other, covered with many buds and flowers, of the purest white or delicate shades of pink and crimson. They are almost constantly in bloom. Fuchsias here grow as high as the cornice of the house, like trees. Geraniums are standard, and bloom all winter. The arbutus ripens its winter strawberry. The magnolia is a noble tree. The noted Guernsey lily, though originally from Japan, flowers freely everywhere, as well as all the Cape bulbs. The gladiolus, ixia, and Belladonna lily are to be seen in profuse bloom. We saw almost every species of tropical plants growing in the nursery grounds in the open air, and rhododendrons in the richest bloom and variety of color.

"As we drive along the excellent roads and past the adorned grounds of the houses, we cannot fail to be gratified with the exquisite floral display and the abundant perfume. The roads are bordered on each side either by hedges of holly, or by banks of earth upon which grow the gorse or furze, the butcher's broom, or the bramble and other wild plants, and the whole is softened by the ivy clinging, twining, and covering everything with its dark green foliage, while overhead we have shelter from the sun or evergreen oak, which is the most common tree, and always retaining its bright green foliage, varied by the elm and the beech. Trees are not much fancied by the farmers, as they harbor birds, but they are allowed to grow in the hedge banks along the roads for the fuel they furnish; and consequently they are kept so trimmed as to spoil their beauty. Few things are more unsightly than these tall tree trunks in winter, with diminutive switches or branches growing from every side of them. These are constantly pollared and made into fagots for the open fire places or ovens which are found in all country houses."

## Pure Wine Without Grapes.

The increasing use and production of fabricated wines in this country giving rise to serious apprehension, if not to actual panic, among the vineyard proprietors of western Switzerland. The prosperity of several cantons is based either wholly or in part on the success of grape-growing, and anything that threatens to hinder the production or curtail the consumption of wine naturally creates great alarm. Adulterated wine can be dealt with. It is easily detected. It is injurious to health, and thousands of hectolitres of deleterious stuff are every year confiscated and destroyed. But the merely fabricated article contains all the constituents of real wine, and the most careful analyst can find nothing in it that he does not find in the fermented juice of the grape. It is composed of 90 per cent, of water, 5 to 10 per cent of alcohol, and 4 to 5 per cent of tannin. The water, which costs the grape grower as much as any other of the constituents of wine, costs the fabricator next to nothing; the tannin and the alcohol he extracts from imported raisins. Thus the liquor he concocts can be vended at a very low price.

At twenty-five francs the hectolitre (about twenty-eight cents a gallon) the manufacturer of this article can make a handsome profit, and as the retailer sells it at the rate of nine cents a quart, his gains reach nearly 100 per cent—five or six times more, probably, than he gains by the sale of natural, undiluted wine. Nor is this all. Experiments are being made with a view to find a chemical substitute for the raisins used in the manufacture, in which event fabricated wine could be produced at a cost little exceeding that of slightly alcoholized water, and grape growing would be as utterly ruined as madder cultivation has been ruined by the discovery of the alizarine process of Turkey red dyeing.

The making of wine artificially dates in this neighborhood from the time when the phylloxera began its ravages among the vineyards of France, and it has now become an extensive and profitable trade. The difficulty of putting it down, especially in Switzerland, where the Constitution guarantees the fullest liberty of commerce, seems almost insuperable. There is no law whereby a man can be prevented from manufacturing an article which he calls fabricated wine and selling it to whomsoever he will. He does not deceive anybody, and he gives fair value for the consideration he receives. The retailers, it is true, are in a different position. They do not profess to sell fabricated wine, and their customers are doubtless under the impression that the liquor served out to them is wine and nothing but wine. How are they to know that it is not? If, of one of them, more suspicious than the rest, takes a sample to the public analyst, he will simply be told that it contains all the constituents of good wine and no substance that good wine ought not to contain. Connoisseurs might possibly find the flavor not altogether to their liking, but among people who drink wine at 50 or 100 cents a quart, connoisseurs are few and far between, and there is a vast deal of genuine wine which in bouquet leaves much to be desired.—*London Times*.

At present we export to Europe about 6,000,000 pounds of evaporated apples. The process is extremely simple. The fruit is "cored" and sliced into pieces one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness; it is then exposed to sulphur fumes, which arrest all fermentation, and then to a hot blast of air, which reduces it to about half its original weight. The sulphur fumigation prevents the fruit from becoming dark, and after drying it is almost as white as when first cut. Simple as this process, it costs about twice as much as drying the fruit in the sun, but such is the saving in weight and flavor that it is preferred, and evaporated apples sell to day in the European markets for fifteen cents a pound.

An old produce dealer interested in the European export trade told us an *Evening Post* reporter that in view of the astounding magnitude of the export trade in food products, it would not be surprising to hear of attempts at compressing or drying every product of the country. The same process as that applied to apples has been used with some success with peaches, and as the export of dried food products increases, the import is constantly decreasing. The raisins from California promise to drive all foreign raisins out of our markets. There are vineyards of hundreds of acres in place, El Dorado, Los Angeles, San Diego, and other counties, given up to growing and drying grapes, partly by evaporation and partly by sun heat.

## The Testing of Seeds.

A correspondent of the *German Telegraph* advises farmers of the expediency of testing the germinating powers of the seeds which they intend to sow this spring, and says:

"I learned by dear-bought experience last spring that it would not do to depend upon appearance alone in the matter of sowing oats. I put in six acres with nice bright oats as ever was, and for ought I know perfectly clear of any bad seed; but it failed to germinate at, or at least not more than one-third of it ever came up. I consequently resolved never again to sow oats without first trying if it would properly germinate, which is very easily done by taking a handful and putting it in a vessel filled with earth and setting it in a warm place. If it does not show evident signs of growing in eight or ten days, I would procure other seed and thus save much vexation and trouble, besides the loss consequent upon reaping a crop of weeds instead of grain.

"Also, as to the matter of saving seed-corn. My practice for several years past has been to select the best and ripest ears of corn in the fall when we are gathering the general crop, and place them on slatted shelves, where they will lay exposed to the air so the heart may be perfectly dry before extreme freezing weather sets in. Last fall we adopted a different plan, selecting the ears as usual, but instead of placing them on shelves, we nailed narrow strips on the under-side of the joist in a warm wagon-house, and piled the ears up to the floor. Space is thus economized, and it has the advantage of a warmer atmosphere through the winter. This perhaps is the best plan in such an almost unprecedented cold winter as the last."

CALIFORNIA grapes were sold at the vineyards last year, for shipping to the Eastern markets, for two cents per pound, and it cost a cent and a half more for boxes and packing. The railroads charged \$600 a carload of ten tons to take them to Chicago. The grower thinks that the railroads made the most money out of the crop.

## Horticultural Notes.

It has been discovered that cabbages may be prevented from rotting after freezing simply by cutting them open, or by making one or two incisions in them with a knife. After freezing, the cabbage commences to decay in the center, caused by the heating inside. When opened sufficiently to let out the heated gases and to enable them to become cool at the center, they will not decay. A lady is entitled to the credit of making this very important discovery.

A FRENCH chemist, M. Raspail, says that when he visited at Brussels, Belgium, he had in his garden a number of trees, the trunks of which were half eaten by insects, and the branches dry and leafless. In the spring he cut out all the dry branches and rubbed the bark clean and smooth, then brushed it over with alcohol dissolved in warm water. The insects refused to accept their meals from the trees thus embittered, and the latter grew healthy and bore plenty of fruit.

The Toronto *Globe* says damage done to fruit trees by rabbits which gnaw them may often be remedied in the following manner: "Cut several sections from the tree of last year's growth, and long enough entirely to bridge over the gnawed part, with two or three inches to spare on both ends. Cut notches in the sound bark above and below the gnawed

parts. Then secure the sections in place by means of bandages and grafting wax to keep out the rain. The success of the operation depends upon the perfectness of the juncture between the inner bark of the sections and the inner bark of the tree."

DR. VAN MONS, of Belgium, who originated several new and valuable pears, held the theory that the seed of a good pear would produce an inferior fruit, and that to improve our fruits we must plant the seeds of wild fruits and re-plant their seeds for several successive generations. But he overlooked pear fertilization by the pollen of improved pears. Francis Dana, of Roxbury, recorded the seeds of the best varieties of pears, which had been cross-bred with other choice varieties, and the fine kinds obtained by him are a refutation of Van Mons's theory, and a demonstration that sowing the seed of the finest varieties, which have grown in proximity to each other, is the true road to success. This work is still under way.

G. COVING, in the *Indiana Farmer*, says: "At the last meeting of the Indiana State Horticultural Society, Dr. Boyd turned Kentucky the lazy man's story. The doctor's estimate of it is correct. I have a bed of it, an eighth of an acre in extent, which has received no cultivation for three years past, and yet has constantly furnished a liberal quantity of fine large berries for market, and now presents a more thrifty and promising appearance than it did one year ago. But there are a few varieties that are more productive, and the lazy man should not overlook Green Prolific and Crescent Seedling, when searching for varieties able to take care of themselves. Crescent, Green Prolific and Champion are the most productive varieties ever cultivated, and may be termed the poor man's strawberries, as they can be produced more easily and cheaply than many others."

## SKIN DISEASES CURED

By Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment. Cures as by magic, Pimples, Black Heads, Gums, Bores, Eruptions on the face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures itch, barber's itch, salt rheum, tetter, ringworm, scald head, chapped hands, sore nipples, etc. Sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine.

## SKIN DISEASE.

P. Drake, Esq., Cleveland, O., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment and was cured by a few applications.

The first and only positive skin disease cure ever discovered.

Sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

HENRY & CO., Sole Proprietors.

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For Bland, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure. Price \$1.00, by mail. For sale by Druggists.

Farrand, Williams & Co., Wholesale Agents, Detroit, Michigan.

## GREAT GERM DESTROYER.

DARBY'S Prophylactic Fluid!

SCARLET FEVER CURED.

Pitting of SMALL POX Prevented.

Ulcers purified and healed.

Wounds healed rapidly.

Removes all unpleasant odors.

Tetter dried up.

It is perfectly harmless.

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It is manifest that from GOOD SEEDS ONLY Good Vegetables be obtained. The character of LANDRETH'S SEEDS has been substantiated beyond all question. They are the STANDARD for Quality. Over 1400 acres in Garden Seed Crops under our own cultivation. Ask your stockkeeper for them in original sealed packages, or drop us a postal card for prices and Catalogue.

Wholesale trade prices to Dealers on application. Founded 1784. DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, 21 and 23 S. 6th St., Philadelphia.

## MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE.

Whereas default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date the 11th day of February, A. D. 1881, executed by William Ott and Elizabeth Ott, his wife, of the County of Wayne and State of Michigan, to the German Roman Catholic St. Joseph's Liebesbund Beneficial Society, of Detroit, Michigan, and recorded on the 17th day of February, A. D. 1881, at 1:10 o'clock P. M., in lib. 121 of mortgages, on page 5, in the Register's office for Wayne County, Michigan; which said mortgage was duly assigned by said German Roman Catholic St. Joseph's Liebesbund Beneficial Society to Angelina Ott, by indenture dated July 15, 1881, and recorded November 14, 1881, in lib. 20 of assignments of mortgages on page 18, in the Register's office for Wayne County, aforesaid, and being claimed to be due at the date hereof the sum of thirty-eight dollars, eighty-eight cents and six-tenths (38.88 & 6/10), and no more, and no equity in said property being held by the mortgagor, the premises in said mortgage mentioned and numbered eighty-eight, 88, being a lot of land, situated in the city of Detroit, County of Wayne and State of Michigan, known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot 88, being the same more or less, in the subdivision of out-lot numbered thirty-four (34) of the St. Aubin farm, so-called, said lot lying on the south side of Alfred Street, between Dequindre Street and St. Aubin Avenue, to satisfy the amount due at the date hereof, the interest accruing, the costs and expenses allowed by law, besides an attorney fee of fifty dollars (\$50), in said mortgage provided for in case of a foreclosure.

Dated Detroit, this 21st day of November, A. D. 1881.

JOSEPH KUHN, Assignee of Mortgage.

## MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE.

Whereas default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date the 13th day of May, A. D. 1881, executed by William Ott and Elizabeth Ott, his wife, of the City of Detroit, Michigan, to the German Roman Catholic St. Joseph's Liebesbund Beneficial Society, of Detroit, Michigan, and recorded on the 17th day of February, A. D. 1881, at 1:10 o'clock P. M., in lib. 121 of mortgages, on page 5, in the Register's office for Wayne County, Michigan, and whereas said mortgage was assigned to said Angelina Ott, by indenture dated July 15, 1881, and recorded November 14, 1881, in lib. 20 of assignments of mortgages on page 18, in the Register's office for Wayne County, Michigan, aforesaid, and being claimed to be due at the date hereof the sum of thirty-eight dollars, eighty-eight cents and six-tenths (38.88 & 6/10), and no more, and no equity in said property being held by the mortgagor, the premises in said mortgage mentioned and numbered eighty-eight, 88, being a lot of land, situated in the city of Detroit, County of Wayne and State of Michigan, known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot 88, being the same more or less, in the subdivision of out-lot numbered thirty-four (34) of the St. Aubin farm, so-called, said lot lying on the south side of Alfred Street, between Dequindre Street and St. Aubin Avenue, to satisfy the amount due at the date hereof, the interest accruing, the costs and expenses allowed by law, besides an attorney fee of twenty-five dollars (\$25), in said mortgage provided for in case of a foreclosure.

Dated Detroit, this 21st day of November, A. D. 1881.

JOSEPH KUHN, Assignee of Mortgage.

## THE MILD POWER CURE.

LUMPHREY'S HOMOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

In use 30 years.—Each number the special prescription of an eminent physician.—The only Simple, Safe and Sure Cures for the following Principal Ailments: 1. Fever, Congestion, Inflammation. 2. Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic. 3. Crying Cough, or Teething of Infants. 4. Hoarseness, or Sore Throat. 5. Diarrhoea, Griping, Bilious Colic. 6. Stomachic, or Stomachic. 7. Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis. 8. Whooping Cough, Hoarse Cough, Hoarse Cough. 9. Headaches, Sick Headaches, Vertigo. 10. Dyspepsia, Bilem, Stomachic. 11. Nervousness, or Nervousness. 12. Whites, or Trichuriasis. 13. Dropsy, Dropsy, Dropsy. 14. Salt Rheum, Eruptions, Eruptions. 15. Rheumatism, Rheumatism, Rheumatism. 16. Fever and Ague, Chills, Fever, Ague. 17. Catarrh of the Bladder, Catarrh of the Bladder. 18. Catarrh of the Uterus, Catarrh of the Uterus. 19. Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Vagina. 20. Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Rectum. 21. Catarrh of the Prostate, Catarrh of the Prostate. 22. Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle, Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle. 23. Catarrh of the Urethra, Catarrh of the Urethra. 24. Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Vagina. 25. Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Rectum. 26. Catarrh of the Prostate, Catarrh of the Prostate. 27. Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle, Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle. 28. Catarrh of the Urethra, Catarrh of the Urethra. 29. Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Vagina. 30. Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Rectum. 31. Catarrh of the Prostate, Catarrh of the Prostate. 32. Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle, Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle. 33. Catarrh of the Urethra, Catarrh of the Urethra. 34. Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Vagina. 35. Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Rectum. 36. Catarrh of the Prostate, Catarrh of the Prostate. 37. Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle, Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle. 38. Catarrh of the Urethra, Catarrh of the Urethra. 39. Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Vagina. 40. Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Rectum. 41. Catarrh of the Prostate, Catarrh of the Prostate. 42. Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle, Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle. 43. Catarrh of the Urethra, Catarrh of the Urethra. 44. Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Vagina. 45. Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Rectum. 46. Catarrh of the Prostate, Catarrh of the Prostate. 47. Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle, Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle. 48. Catarrh of the Urethra, Catarrh of the Urethra. 49. Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Vagina. 50. Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Rectum. 51. Catarrh of the Prostate, Catarrh of the Prostate. 52. Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle, Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle. 53. Catarrh of the Urethra, Catarrh of the Urethra. 54. Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Vagina. 55. Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Rectum. 56. Catarrh of the Prostate, Catarrh of the Prostate. 57. Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle, Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle. 58. Catarrh of the Urethra, Catarrh of the Urethra. 59. Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Vagina. 60. Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Rectum. 61. Catarrh of the Prostate, Catarrh of the Prostate. 62. Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle, Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicle. 63. Catarrh of the Urethra, Catarrh of the Urethra. 64. Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Vagina. 65. Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Rectum. 66. Catarrh of the







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## Poetry.

For the Michigan Farmer.

TOLL NOT THE BELL.

MRS. A. L. LANGLEY.

Toll not the bell for me  
When I am dead;  
Let no vain pageantry  
Around be spread.  
No gilt of any pall,  
Or waving plume  
Beside the bier that bears  
Me to my tomb.

Only the simplest rites,  
Some words of cheer,  
To comfort bring to friends  
Who gather near.  
To live in loving hearts  
Is all I crave;  
May only such as these  
Ever seek my grave.

I'd have flowers everywhere,  
I love them so,  
God's messengers of love  
To all below.  
No: where the crowds will throng  
Would I be laid;  
In some sequestered nook  
My grave be made.

With Nature's eye to guard  
My silent rest;  
And Nature's treasures grow  
Above my breast.  
I'd wish no costly stone  
My grave to tell;  
A simple tablet marked  
With: "All is well."

There let this form of clay  
Return to dust;  
Since Nature thus decrees  
As right and just.  
This disembodied life  
Freed from the clay,  
Triumphantly will rise  
To live for aye.

I'll meet the friends who've passed  
On Heaven's shore,  
Will meet, no more to part  
On Heaven's shore.  
Friends, weep not for the dead,  
For they are blest;  
Pity the living, grieve  
In grief's unrest.

## FORGETFULNESS.

In the toll of the day, in the dreams of the night,  
In the golden glow when the sun goes down,  
In the morning sunbeams shining bright,  
One thought like a phantom follows me,  
And over the face of the cloud, gray sea,  
The rustling leaflets e'er and brown,  
Whisper a story of sad regret,  
And murmur, softly, "Forget, forget."

For the crosses that come in this work-a-day world  
Cast a shadow dark o'er the lives of all,  
And we sooner win that crown imperishable,  
When we have bid our sorrows go,  
Checking the hot tears' careless flow,  
Cheering some heart that seems to falter,  
If those who smile should frown and fret,  
This heart of ours could never forget.

And it is wrong in this life, which is short at the best,  
To be grieving here when there's work to do;  
For the soul that lives in the land of rest,  
Is happier there than here in life,  
And knows that for us in this world's  
Great strife  
'Tis better far if the tears are few,  
And we know each night, when the sun has set,  
There is one day less that we need forget.

## Miscellaneous.

## CROOKED WAYS.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

Like a good many other young men, and women, too, for that matter—I was once badly afflicted with *cacoethes scribendi*. Of course greater evils might have befallen me; I might have been seized with a passion for whisky or gambling; but still my *cacoethes scribendi* was serious enough. During my college days the symptoms showed themselves plainly; but the malady did not really assume its true and awful proportions until I had taken my degree. Then, forthwith, it fastened upon me like a leech, and before many months elapsed it overmastered me completely. In accordance with my mother's wish, I went to Dundas, ostensibly to read law with my uncle, but it was a mere pretence of law reading, for the blackboards were devoted to the composition of a novel, and the afternoons to the polishing of some poems. Uncle Dick shook his head gravely and remonstrated, sometimes in sadness and sometimes in anger.

"That scribbling will never amount to anything," he would say contemptuously. This was hard to bear; but my lofty aspirations sustained me, and, firm in my belief of ultimate success, I scribbled on and ever, and bombarded all the magazines in the country with my manuscripts. The magazines did not open their columns to me, and I fell back at last upon the weekly newspapers, and especially upon the *Boston Weekly Palladium*. That journal printed my essays, and a certain assistant editor, whose initials were "F. B. S.," sent me polite notes from time to time. It was something to see my productions in print; it would have been more had these productions come in a while brought in a check. But they never did; they only elicited polite notes from F. B. S. Finally I wrote a letter to the assistant editor upon the subject, and by return post I received a reply. It was sent to my private box at the postoffice, but to my great amusement, was directed to "Jane Bell," instead of "John." My handwriting was not very distinct, and perhaps a trifle feminine, and the signature, upon which I prided myself, certainly left it an open question whether John or Jane were meant. The note, too, began:

"Miss Bell—In reply to your question, I would say that this journal pays its regular corps of writers. We are glad to receive your articles, and perhaps later may make adequate compensation therefor; but, as a young writer, it would be wiser for you to think at present only of securing a foothold. You have an excellent chance of success in the end; but much patience is necessary at the outset.

"Please say whether I shall direct future communications to John Bell, Miss Bell or Mrs. Bell. At present I do not venture to give you any title.

"Very truly yours, F. B. S.,"

This letter at once amused and piqued me. It was pleasant and rather encouraging, but it was plain the writer set me

down as an impecunious young woman, whereas the truth was I had a very fair income of my own, and was a six foot, mustached specimen of masculinity. The idea of playing the role of Miss Jane Bell tickled my fancy, and therefore, giving my imagination free rein, upon the spur of the moment, I sat down and wrote as follows:

"F. B. S. Screeven: At present I also am in a quandary, for I do not know whether I ought to address you as Madame, Monsieur, or Mademoiselle. The last title is mine just now, although of course I feel at liberty to change it when I choose, or rather when the proper opportunity offers itself. Perhaps matrimony would be a more profitable speculation than literature. Do not, however, suppose I am dependent upon my pen for my bread and butter. In this case I fear the butter would be very thin indeed. No; the fates have given me most of the luxuries of life; but these, of course, do not satisfy me. The reason why I wrote as I did about payment for my articles was simply because I thought if they were good enough to print they were good enough to be paid for. It seems I was mistaken; but, to show you that I take your advice, I send you another essay. I will at last try to secure a foothold, and pray that greater success will follow.

"I am, dear Madame, Monsieur, or Mademoiselle Screeven. Sincerely yours, JANE BELL."

Laughing in my sleeve, I sent this communication off, and planned that, if the assistant editor sent me a friendly reply, I would open a correspondence in my role of Miss Jane Bell and fool F. B. S. Screeven as never a man had been fooled before. Judge then of my dismay when I received a letter in what I knew was Screeven's writing, but not written on office paper, and signed Frances Bertram Screeven. "A woman, by Jove!" I exclaimed there and then in the postoffice, whereas a small boy, who was standing nigh, nearly swallowed in astonishment the postage stamp he was licking. I thrust the letter in my pocket and did not read it until I was safely at home. Thus the misadventure:

"Dear Miss Bell—Your piquant letter prompts me to write you a reply, not as an assistant editor, but as a woman like yourself, who is toiling up the steep path that leads to Parnassus. I might have known you were a woman, and a young one at that, because, although there is a touch of masculine strength in your essays and poems, still there is, too, a sweetness that is only feminine. I think that women more often have this flavor of masculinity than men have anything of that tenderness which is essentially and purely feminine. Were I in a position of authority I should very soon dismiss the cut and dried hack-writers whose contributions, although smooth and polished, lack the freshness, the spontaneity, which is characteristic of the contributions we sometimes receive from unknown writers, and notably from you. But, you see, I am merely an assistant editor, and a person of no consequence at all, except as I am useful to do the work, all the glory of which goes to the distinguished individuals whose names are emblazoned at the head of the paper. There! that sounds bitter, I am afraid; but, dear Miss Bell, the fates have not been so kind to me as to you, and it is not for fame I write, but for the wherewithal to keep me fed and clothed. What makes it perhaps harder is that I have known what it is to have my bread and butter fresh and sweet—say, and honey with it, too—and therefore the thin slices that are doled out to me now taste the drier by comparison.

"Forgive me for boring you with so much about myself. Pray write to me again. Your luxurious stationery, with faint, delicate perfume pervading it, is itself a delight. Sincerely yours, "MISS FRANCES BERTRAM SCREEVEN."

As I read this letter I felt myself a sounder. My first impulse was to write a letter of confession to Miss Screeven; but the desire to keep up the correspondence and try my hand at composing letters that should be sweetly feminine overcame my scruples, and I sent off the following reply:

"Dear Miss Screeven—Instead of boring me, the glimpse you gave me of your life interested me more than I can tell. But, at the same time, the contrast between your life and mine made me envious. Perhaps your lot is a hard one, but it is at least brave and independent. Here am I, an only daughter, petted and spoiled to a shameful degree, and bound by fetters of luxury. Yes, I envy you. Sitting here this morning in my silly pink-curtained boudoir, with a Dresden shepherdess simpering at me from the top of my escritoire, I feel my idle, luxurious life hemming me in and overpowering me, as the perfume of tuberose makes heavy and sickening the atmosphere of a room that should be flung open to the fresh air and sunshine. I would change places with you to-day if I could."

When I reached this point of my letter, I read over approvingly what I had written. Arrived at the lines descriptive of my imaginary boudoir, I smiled as my glance fell upon a boot-jack in one corner, and the shaving apparatus in another. Glancing at the place where the Dresden shepherdess ought to have been, my eye fell instead upon a pipe, which I took down and filled, and then resumed my writing with considerable complacency.

"This may sound to you rather school-girlish, and I may as well confess that it is not many years—perhaps months would be more accurate—since I left the precincts of a finishing-school. Finishing-school, indeed! Much I learned there besides the art of doing up my hair! However, the defects of my education I must remedy myself, and I try every day to devote a few hours to serious study. But it is very hard to seclude myself long enough to accomplish anything. People call; I must go to garden parties; I must drive out with my mother; I must hold solemn convalescence with the milliner and dress-maker; in short, I have constant demands of a most frivolous nature upon my time.

"All this you will probably laugh at; and, lest I write yet more foolishly, I will bring this letter to a close. If you are not

disgusted with me, do write again soon.

"Faithfully yours, "JANE BELL."

I may as well confess that I thought this letter a successful imitation of some of the epistles that I had myself received from feminine hands. It sounded enthusiastic and very "maish," and I sent it off that afternoon with a bold heart.

"Jack," quoth my uncle, who met me as I came from the postoffice, "I verily believe you are making an ass of yourself over some girl. I don't believe it is the muses you are courting; it is no muse; it is a miss." And with this he passed on, chuckling at his own wit.

As the days went on however, my uncle's words seemed in a fair way to prove true. I thought only of Miss Screeven. My novel I left untouched, and my rhyming dictionary accumulated dust slowly, but surely. Fled were my visions of astonishing the world with my genius. I lived only for the mail from Boston.

As I re-read the letters I received from Screeven, I can make some excuse for my infatuation. They were frank and outspoken, and sometimes, indeed tinged with cynicism; but through them there breathed a sympathy of tenderness, that touches me even now as I read them over. Finally, at my solicitation, she sent me her photograph, which showed her to be a regular featured, large eyed woman, of rather a serious cast of countenance indeed, but with a lurking smile in the mouth, that I can not but confess was a large one. She was not a beauty, I saw that, but she had an earnest, interesting face that grew upon me every day.

Little by little I gave myself up to thoughts of her by day and dreams by night. Her letters I awaited with feverish impatience, and if one were delayed I was in a torment. I make no excuses for my folly, dear sir or madam; but pray do not forget that I was only one and twenty then, and had fed myself plentifully with novels and poetry. And this was my first love! Coventry Patmore says in one of his poems:

Well, heaven be thanked my first love failed,  
As, heaven be thanked, all first loves do!  
This was a sentiment I could not echo, for at that time it seemed to me that if I were separated from my fair unseen sweetheart my life would be stale, flat, and unprofitable.

The correspondence was kept up all the summer and autumn, but in December there befell what was to me an awful calamity. Miss Screeven did not write. I sent, imploring letter after letter, but no response gladdened me.

"Has she jilted you?" said Uncle Dick, heartlessly, when he noted my pale face.

In truth, I could not sleep nor eat; I was consumed with fear and anxiety. What could have befallen her?

I endured it for just ten days, and then I packed my satchel and went to Boston. Bah! what a day it was when I arrived there! It had snowed a little, and then a thin, cold rain began to drizzle down despairingly. The weather suited me better than the garish splendor of the hotel, and I wandered forth that evening, half unconsciously wending my way toward the street in which Miss Screeven boarded. I found myself opposite the house. From an upper window a light struggled faintly between the closed shutters and thrilled me through and through. Perhaps she was there, ill and alone, uncared for, save by the mercenary landlady, or worse still, by a slatternly servant. I went up the steps and rang the bell. A slip of a girl opened the door to me, and I handed her my card, saying mechanically, "Ask Miss Screeven if she will see me."

I trusted that the name John Bell would perhaps lead her to suppose that I was a cousin or the father of her friend.

The slip of a servant maid looked at the card and then at me. "Frances Screeven?" she said interrogatively.

"Yes," I replied. Then I took the card, ran my pencil through the engraved name, and scrawled my illegible signature below it. The servant took the card again, skurried away, leaving me standing there in the cold dark entry.

It was several minutes before she reappeared, and then it was only to say in a sing song tone, "Three flights up; first door to the right."

I went up the three flights and rapped at the first door to the right.

A voice called out, "Come in."

I entered a medium sized, plainly furnished room that was redolent of tobacco, with which was mingled a faint smell of whisky. There were two arm chairs, a large table, covered with faded cloth, and an old-fashioned horse hair lounge, from which, as I entered a young man rose. He was thin and hollow-eyed, and a beard of several days' growth made him look, to say the least, unkempt. "Mr. Bell, I presume," he said, offering me his hand and then drawing up a chair for me.

"I have called to see Miss Screeven," said I.

"Have you, indeed?" he replied in a nasty, sneering way.

He flashed through me at once. It was her husband! She had deceived me!

"May I ask if you are any relation to Miss Jane Bell of Dundas, Washington County, New York, postoffice box 462?" he continued in the same sneering way.

I stammered and stammered, tried to lie, and nearly choked myself to death. I wanted to be diplomatic; I wanted to shield her from his anger.

"Who the devil are you, anyway?" he exclaimed.

"I—I am John Bell," I answered "and I have called to see your sister. Is she ill?"

"I haven't any sister," said he nonchalantly; "that is, I am my own sister, and she has just escaped pneumonia."

The truth flashed upon me. "You are an impostor, sir!" I exclaimed.

"Your sister doesn't think so," said he complacently.

"I haven't any sister," said I, in my turn.

He wheeled sharply about: "Who is Miss Bell then?"

"I am all the Miss Bell that exists," I answered grimly.

"What?" he exclaimed; "you are the petted darling who wanted to be a poet and essayist, and Lord only knows what all! You are only the only child of wealthy parents? You are the lovely

creature who sits in a pink boudoir and writes verses with a gold pen and on perfumed paper?"

"Yes," I said desperately.

Screeven dropped into a chair roared. "A sell all around!" said he. And then he laughed until he cried, while I quietly stole away back to the hotel, a sadder but a wiser man.

CHARLES DUNNING.

## RAGGLES, THE BURGLAR.

Miss Sophia Brindleton was a by no means unattractive spinster of thirty, who was independent in her circumstances, and lived alone with her younger sister Phoebe and three female servants in a pretty villa of St. John's Wood. Undesirous of matrimony, Miss Brindleton devoted herself to intellectual pursuits, and took an enlightened interest in politics. She thought herself entitled to a vote, and belonged to an association which agitated for women's rights. Her favorite hobby was the development of strength in woman. She herself, though graceful and handsome, was a person of strong mind—firm, judicious, brave; and she was of opinion that the so-called weakness of women is, for the most part, only affectation, which the fair sex put on under the mistaken idea that it renders them interesting. Miss Brindleton's friends were far from agreeing in these opinions, and many doubted whether Miss B. herself, if placed suddenly in a position of great danger or difficulty, would be able to act with the same fortitude as a man. But an opportunity arose for putting her to the proof, and it will be seen from what follows how well she stood the ordeal.

One summer night, or rather about 2 o'clock in the morning, Miss Brindleton—who had imprudently opened her window (it looked on to a garden at the back of her house) before going to bed, on account of the heat—was awakened by a noise, and starting up, saw a burglar in her room. The starry sky gave just light enough to enable her to perceive the outlines of a man's figure without seeing his features. He was a tall, powerfully built man, and he was helping himself to Miss Brindleton's watch, her purse, and some trinkets which she had left on the toilet table. Disturbed in his occupation by the slight exclamation which Miss Brindleton uttered when she awoke, he lifted a dark lantern which he had laid on the table, unasked the bull's eye, and turned its light full upon the lady whom he was despoiling.

Undaunted, Miss Brindleton—though she could no longer see him now for the glare—looked straight before her and asked, "Well, what are you doing?"

No answer being vouchsafed, the advocate of woman's rights continued: "That watch of mine is not a valuable one to any one except myself, for it is a gift; but I have a much more precious one down stairs which I will give you if you will leave me this one, and I should like you to leave me those rings, too; I will give you the worth of them in money."

"Yes, I desay," grumbled the burglar, "you want me to let you get up that you may raise an alarm and have me nabbed."

"I give you my word of honor that if you go out of the room while I put on a dressing-gown, I will take you down stairs, and raise no alarm at all."

"If you did I'd mighty soon quiet you with my jenny," growled the burglar.

"If you feel so strong, what have you to be frightened about?" retorted Miss Brindleton, logically.

"Well, you're a well plucked 'un, I must say," remarked the burglar with involuntary admiration; and with noiseless steps (for he had taken his shoes off) he stole out of the room and waited on the landing while Miss Brindleton glided out of bed and put on a *peignoir*.

So far our heroine had acted with a perfect mixture of courage and prudence. She had seen at a glance that it would be madness for her to try and grapple single-handed with the burglar; and she had reflected that if she raised an alarm she would scare her younger sister Phoebe, frighten the maid servants and possibly exasperate the burglar into breaking her head. On the other hand, she did not like yielding to this armed aggression in a spiritless way, and as she dressed she was much tempted to take up a revolver which lay in one of her drawers and to invite the burglar to step out into the garden with her and exchange shots according to the etiquette of the duel. She was restrained by the consideration that the burglar was at this moment relying on her honor, so she simply lighted a candle, walked out of the room with it in her hand, and passing the burglar, requested him to follow her down stairs.

The burglar did so obediently as a servant; but Miss Brindleton had noticed, as she went by him, that he had put on a mask, so that his face was now hidden.

Miss Brindleton used to keep her check book, money, and other valuables in a desk that stood in her study on the ground floor. As she made her way to this receptacle it occurred to her that she was doing a very rash thing, for what was to prevent the robber from knocking her down and stealing everything she possessed, including the watch she desired to keep. Thinking, however, that it was best to show no signs of fear, she walked straight to her desk, unlocked it, and was about to hand the man a massive gold turkish watch set with diamonds, which had belonged to an uncle of hers, when the burglar addressed her thus in a low, sheepish tone: "Look here, miss, I don't want to take your eye; I am alone in this job, so I'll be satisfied if you pay me off with £20—that'll do for me."

"Twenty pounds, you say?" returned Miss Brindleton calmly, and taking up a small gold bag she began to count out a number of sovereigns. "Five, ten, eighteen, twenty."

"You've made it twenty-one," said the burglar, honorably pushing back a superfluous coin while he pocketed the rest. "And now, miss, I'll go, and I'm much obliged to you."

"I think I had better let you out the front door; that will be more convenient for you than climbing out of the window," said Miss Brindleton; "allow me to add

that I am sorry to see a man of your size and strength engaged in such dishonest work as this. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Ah, miss, it isn't everybody that can be honest by merely wishing it," replied the burglar, as he made the lady a respectful and rather mournful bow as she ushered him out.

"I shall remember you, my man," muttered Miss Brindleton to herself, as she closed the door and put up the chain; and presently she returned to her room to reflect on what had just happened, and to ponder as to what she ought to do next.

Her nerves were somewhat unstrung, and she would have liked to indulge in the feminine luxury of a good cry, but, surmounting this weak temptation, she decided that the best thing for her to do would be to go off to the police station and give information against the burglar. Accordingly she dressed, stole quietly out of the house, and, undeterred by the fear of walking through the streets alone at night, she betook herself to the station and made a full statement of her adventure to the officials on duty. Now, it so happened that about half an hour before, a policeman on his beat had noticed a man answering to the description of the burglar counting some sovereigns under a lamp post, and he had afterwards seen this man enter a low lodging-house, presumably to sleep there. So it was suggested that Miss Brindleton should remain at the station while the police repaired to this lodging-house. Miss Brindleton consenting, was accommodated with a seat and a cup of coffee in the inspector's room, and in about forty minutes had the satisfaction of seeing her burglar brought in, securely handcuffed, between two constables. The man gave a start when he saw her, and as she dictated her charge in a clear, composed voice, he muttered: "I shouldn't have expected this of you, miss; no, I shouldn't."

"You did not expect that I would leave you unpunished for breaking into my house, did you?" asked Miss Brindleton, with some scorn.

"I have acted square by you, miss," said the burglar. "I might have took your watches, and other things, but I went off quietly with the money you gave me and I never laid a finger on you. 'Taint handsome of yer, miss; I thought you was a better sort."

For the burglar's good opinion of her Miss Brindleton cared little. She turned her back on him and accepting the politely offered escort of the inspector, who offered to see her home, returned to her house, rejoicing that she had done a very clever thing in a prompt, satisfactory manner. Not a soul in the house except herself had been disturbed by the night's events, and, as Miss Brindleton let herself in with a latch key, the first intimation which her servants got of the burglary was when she told them of the facts herself at breakfast.

Of course her communication caused some excitement. The servants uttered exclamations, trembling; and the younger Miss Brindleton screamed; but presently when Phoebe had become more composed, she fell to thinking, and all at once said: "Sophie, do you think it was quite right to give that burglar in charge after he had behaved so well?"

"Do you call it good behavior to break into my house and steal twenty pounds from me?" inquired Miss Brindleton in grave surprise.

"Well, but Sophie, he had your life in his hands, you know; and if he had stunned you and then made off with all your things he might never have been caught, whereas now he will be sent to prison for years."

"That is a weak sentiment," retorted Sophie, in her primmest tone. "I was bound to get this man apprehended for the protection of others."

Phoebe said nothing just then, but she remained unconvinced, and often afterwards she alluded to the burglar in pitying terms. The man's name turned out to be Raggles, and Phoebe would speak of him as "poor Raggles." This poor Raggles was in time arraigned at the Old Bailey and sentenced to penal servitude for seven years. As he left the dock he once more turned to Miss Brindleton, who was in court with her sister, and said: "It wasn't kind of you, miss; you don't help a chap to be honest, you don't. If you had let me alone after giving me them 'ere twenty pounds I should never have forgotten it, and it might 'a' been the saving of me."

"Oh, Sophie, how dreadful," muttered the soft hearted Phoebe, nestling close to her sister. "Don't you think you might ask the judge to take off some part of the poor man's punishment?"

"He has not got a day more than he deserves," replied Sophie with her lips set. Her heart was quite as tender as Phoebe's, and it felt very sore just then for the wretched Raggles; but Miss Brindleton thought that any outward display of sentiment was undignified, so she kept the feelings to herself.

She was not at ease, however, and when she returned she catenched herself as to whether she had truly, according to the lights of her conscience, done her duty in getting Raggles sent to penal servitude? Her answer was that she had done her duty, her plain duty, nothing but her duty, and she curtly silenced Phoebe next time the latter alluded to "poor Raggles."

Raggles became a forbidden topic. Nevertheless, Sophie Brindleton did not feel quite happy about the man when she thought of him all alone.

Six years passed. One night—a summer's night, as on the first occasion—Miss Brindleton was again awoken by a burglar. She sat up in bed, rubbed her eyes, and recognized Raggles.

"I've got a ticket of leave," said this fellow gruffly; you know me, I desay. Now, just come down and give me all you've got in your drawers, or I'll smash your head in. Look sharp."

"Why, you're Raggles, stammered Sophie, unable to say anything else."

"Yes, I'm Raggles, and a nice trick you served me six years ago," answered the burglar, with a curse. "Now, turn out

of bed and come down; I've got your watch, rings and other things in my pocket, but I'm not going to leave the house till I've got all your money and silver plate, and if you squall, by golly I'll wring your neck."

Poor Sophie sat up in her bed bereft of speech. Her sister Phoebe was married now and no longer lived with her; she had only two female servants in the house, and it would have been useless to scream. But on the other hand, she happened to have £2,000 in bank notes and £3,000 worth of jewelry in her desk—valuables which were to have been sent next day to the bankers.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds, Mr. Raggles," she stammered in her agony.

"I'll take everything you've got," was Raggles' blunt answer. "And now look alive."

Half an hour later a queer sight might have been witnessed in Miss Brindleton's parlor. Raggles had packed up in a small portmanteau, which he had purloined from Miss B., every article of value which Sophie possessed, and fatigued by his labors, he was lying in an arm chair, while Miss Brindleton with trembling hands, poured him out a glass of sherry.

"Now go down on your knees and swear an oath to me," laughed the ticket of leave man, who, having tossed off his first dram, was holding out his glass for a second. "Swear that you won't peach against me, or I'll cut off your hair and your ears afterwards."

"I swear," faltered Sophie, who, seeing Raggles' face so terrible, had dropped on her knees.

"That'll do," said the ex-convict, "I know that you're an honest woman and wouldn't tell a lie. If you did, though, one of my mates would find you out and do for yer."

Saying this, Raggles shouldered his loadings, all tied up in a bundle, and walked out of the house. He has been living at large ever since. Miss Brindleton has not dared to inform against him, and not even to speak about him to her sister Phoebe.

## Insomnia and How to Overcome It.

From the N. Y. Hour.

Insomnia is one of the most common and perplexing of the disorders which afflict the human race. Even healthy persons are at times troubled with sleeplessness, while the nervous and ailing often trace their unhappy physical condition to the impossibility of getting their required rest at night. The most skillful physicians have no panacea for sleeplessness. Some persons can sleep at will, no matter what the hour of the day or the cares and responsibilities of business or life. The late Horace Greeley was a case in point. He could take his "forty winks" in church, in a railway car, or at his writing desk, and, no doubt, the habit prolonged his life, for he was frail in body, with an over-active mind and an excitable temperament. Napoleon I. was noted for the ease with which he went to sleep. For weeks at a time two hours' sleep out of the twenty-four was sufficient for him. He is reported to have said: "Different matters are arranged in my head as in drawers; I open one drawer and close another as I wish. If I desire to repose I shut up all the drawers and sleep. I have always slept when I wanted rest and almost at will."

This happy faculty is not common, although in nominally healthy persons whose habits are regular, sleep comes almost as soon as the head rests upon the pillow. The newborn babe spends most of its time asleep, while, as a rule, robust persons require less sleep than do those who are weak. According to John Wesley, who gives it as his experience, after sixty years' close observation, a man in health requires from six to seven hours sleep, and a healthy woman from seven to eight.

The great founder of Methodism, who dabbled in therapeutics at times, declares that sleep "is preferable to any medicine which I have known, both for preventing and removing nervous disorders." Indeed, medicine is of very little avail in such cases. The physician who prescribes opium, chloral, or bromide of potassium, except in very peculiar cases, knows he is doing wrong. He is injuring his patient permanently, and aggravates the trouble he is pretending to remove. In sleep, it is only the brain and nervous system which are at rest. All the functions of the body go on as usual. The nervous centres are repaired and strengthened, and doubtless the brain is in some way revitalized by the "honey-heavy dew of slumber."

Much of the difficulty in dealing with insomnia is the reaction of the mind upon the body through the brain. Business care, mental distress, or a heavy sorrow will make a person wakeful, even when all the physical functions are in perfect order.

What, then, is a wakeful person to do if medicine is of no avail? There are certain hygienic rules which it is well to bear in mind, as well as certain practices, some of which are apparently whimsical, but which really do sometimes induce slumber. During sleep the blood in the head becomes lessened in quantity. There are physiological reasons for believing that a normally healthy person should sleep after a determination of blood to the stomach, so as to stimulate the machinery by which the food is assimilated in the system. Hence all through the brute creation, sleep follows the taking of food.

The siesta, or the nap after dinner, which is the custom among the well-to-do in all hot countries, is a sensible and healthful practice. It is true that people who partake of their principal meal between daylight and dark, and who do not usually eat before going to bed, are often disturbed in their sleep when they take a late supper; but this is because they have broken in upon a habit. The stomach and all its related organs rebel at unexpected demands upon them. A habit of late eating once established tends rather to help sleep for the blood is withdrawn from the brain by the demands of the digestive department of the system. One of the cures for dyspepsia is in forming the habit of sleeping after partaking of the principal meal of the day. It has been given the uncouth

term of the "hog cure" for gastric disturbances.

To induce sleep the head should be placed somewhat higher than the rest of the body. If wakefulness is apprehended the application of cold water to the head and nape of the neck, while in a tepid bath, has been found useful, for it helps to draw the blood to the body, the condition precedent to all healthful slumber. Cold feet should be guarded against. A warm foot-bath has often been found efficacious against insomnia. Feather-beds and pillows, which heat the back of the head, are objectionable, and slumber is much more successfully won when lying on the side than on the back. Nightmare is a rare visitor to persons sleeping on the right or left side. The origin of frightful dreams can often be traced to a habit of sleeping flat on the back, which, in some persons, so impresses the nervous centres as to create the vibrations in the brain which induce unpleasant sensations in sleep.

## Who Invented the Flour Barrel.

Few inventions, says the Lumberman's Gazette, have had a wider or more varied usefulness than the barrel; few give such promise







